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Liberty and Union.

OUR COUNTRY : ITS PRIDE AND ITS PERIL ;

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DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN

HARVARD STREET BAPTIST CHURCH,

Boston, Aug. 11, 1861,

ON THE

RETURN OF THE PASTOR FROM SYRIA.

BY

DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D.

BOSTON :

JOHN M. HEWES, 81 CORNHILL.

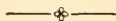
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DISCOURSE.



Ruth 1 : 16, 17.

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE, OR TO RETURN FROM FOLLOWING AFTER THEE; FOR WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO; AND WHERE THOU LODGEST, I WILL LODGE; THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, AND THY GOD MY GOD; WHERE THOU DIEST, I WILL DIE, AND THERE WILL I BE BURIED.

You will expect me, this morning, to depart somewhat from the usual routine of pulpit ministrations, to leave the beaten path of theological discussion, and address you a few words of Christian salutation. The separation of the past few months, renders this spot doubly sacred, and makes every countenance here look sunny and cheerful. I feel like one who has long been tempest-tossed, who has been beaten about by storms, who has watched for morning that he may see the beacon light at the entrance of the harbor, and who at length has reached the shore, and received the hand of welcome and the embrace of love.

The language of the text is the language of my heart to-day. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Suffer me to say that it is without affectation that I make this appropriation of scripture language; for, outside of the domestic circle, there is no relationship so tender as that of a pastor towards a people, some of whom, when burdened with sin, he has pointed to the

cross of Christ ; whose bodies he has buried beneath the sacred waters of baptism ; whom he has united in wedlock, uttering, amid the blessings of friends, the simple formula which of twain maketh one flesh ; to whose homes, in hours of sorrow, he has come with the consolations of religion, identifying himself alike with the marriage festival and the funereal woe ; and who in return has received from them comfort in his own sad hours, who has been borne up on their prayers, and who has ever received a joyful welcome to their firesides and homes. I think that the relationship between a faithful pastor and his flock will survive long after many of the ties of birth and blood are sundered and forgotten ; it will never cease, but will grow deeper, stronger, purer, holier, when with those who have been redeemed through his instrumentality, he shall present himself before the Eternal throne, saying unto the Great Shepherd and Bishop of all—"Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me."

But it is not this local application that I propose to give to the Scripture text announced. I think I have repeated this language a hundred times within the past few months. It has again and again recurred to me, while traversing the streets, or roaming over the cultivated hills of Protestant England ; while watching the fancy pleasures of gay, voluptuous Paris ; while wandering over the burning sands, or sitting beneath the beautiful palm trees of Egypt, and while slaking my thirst at Moses' wells in ancient Midian. It floated through my mind like the music of home, as I stood years ago in the deserted Forum of Imperial Rome, and as I trod amid the fading glories of Papal power the marble pavement of St. Peter's. It was the first passage I thought

of as I rounded the Golden Horn, and looked up from the sparkling waters of the Bosphorus upon the crescents and minarets of Constantinople. It breathed unconsciously from my lips as I stood upon the Mount of Olives, and looked down across sad Gethsemane upon Jerusalem, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth ; and it came to me as the echo of an angel's lips, as I sat down on Mount Zion, and saw the daughters of Judah sweep by with tuneless harps. I heard it as a melodious sigh, amid the broken pillars and trampled pride of fallen Athens, and caught its echo from the heights of the Acropolis.

But not to any of those climes did my heart go forth in the expression of the text ; towards none of those countries did I feel the tender sentiment of the Moabite woman. I could not say to the Frenchman, the Italian, the Egyptian, the Turk or the Arab, "thy people shall be my people." I could not say to the Papist, the Moslem or the Jew, "thy God shall be my God." I could not turn to the inhabitants of London, Paris, Rome, Athens, or Jerusalem, and say to them, "where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried."

My thoughts swept across the ocean, my arms stretched out towards America,—*this country*, her soil stained with blood shed in fratricidal war ; her banner torn and bereft of half its stars ; her Constitution trampled beneath the feet of treacherous millions ; a plague spot, black as midnight, resting on one half her fair domain, but with all her faults and crimes, the noblest nation on the globe, yet to be recognized by all men as the grandest experiment of human history.

To know and appreciate his own country, the American must visit other lands, and mark the contrasts that

every where appear. It is not enough that he reads what travellers have written of the wants and woes, the oppressions and tyrannies of other nations ; it is not enough that he sees the trampled subjects of imperial monarchs, the overtaxed, impoverished inhabitants of royal realms flying to our shores as an asylum from despotisms that neither rest nor sleep ; it is not enough that he catches fugitive glimpses of the moral and political degradation of communities to whom God has given the sunniest skies, the purest fountains, the most fertile soil, and the most productive climate, but which are death-ridden by priestcraft and kingcraft, imbruted by centuries of indulgence, and dehumanized by a barbarism which has neither suns nor stars. He must see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and feel with his heart. He must go down from the high moral elevation on which New England has been placed by Puritan faith and Pilgrim creed, by free institutions and an open Bible, down the successive steps of the pyramid of human society, and see mingled at its black base, the dregs of human nature,—men and women so little removed from brutes, that the difference can hardly be detected, the human form alone distinguishing them from creatures as soulless as the sod.

Let me point you to a few of these contrasts. Passing England, whose blood is our blood, whose history, whose literature, whose religion are all ours, *our fatherland*, into a war with which, the satanic press of this country, the mischief-breeding perverters of public sentiment, here, and the selfish, mercenary dependents on cotton crops, there, are endeavoring to plunge us, we come to France. The ocean separates us from that gay, vivacious country, where fountains sparkle in the sun and music vibrates

on the air, and odors are wafted to the senses, and the people live in Elysian fields. But there is not more difference in the languages spoken, than in the institutions of the two countries. The faith and hope of the Frenchman are as unlike the faith and hope of the American, as light and darkness. That gay land is the theatre of constant revolutions ; the people overturn the Government, and assassinate the rulers for public amusement. Within a dozen years that beautiful land has been ruled by a King, a President, a Mob and an Emperor. The most fragrant flowers that grow in Paris are fattened by the gore of monarchs. Fountains gush out and sparkle where royal blood flowed in torrents ; monuments stand where the guillotine worked day and night, and a thoughtless crowd fill the streets along which the death cart rolled from the revolutionary tribunal to the sanguinary execution. A few years ago, I saw the best king France ever had, flying a mournful exile from the capital, on the embellishment of which he had lavished his fortune, amid hoarse cries of, *Vive la République ! Vive la Gouvernement provisoire !* while Republican hands wrote on the doors of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the significant words,—“ *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. Since then those words have been obliterated, their sacred meaning is a myth in France, and that land rests under a despotism as severe, if not as odious, as relentless, if not as cruel, as any on earth.

Sail down the blue Mediterranean and land in Italy. Follow the track of Francis II., the most despicable of the Bourbons, to Rome, or take the path of Garibaldi to Turin, and how little there is comparable with what we enjoy in New England. There are halls with miles of pictures in them ; galleries piled full of sculpture, but

no real liberty yet. Rome, where great Cæsar reigned, where Paul preached salvation, where Constantine flourished—Rome, whose citizenship was a royal honor, whose name was a terror to the world, whose flag waved in imperial supremacy over all lands—Rome, the birth-place of martyrs, the sepulchre of apostles, is but the filthy centre of a religion which has blazoned on its front, “*Ignorance is the mother of devotion.*” Her narrow streets are thronged by a worthless priesthood and a filthy lazzaroni ; in her dim, faded palaces sit conclaves of tyrants debating how best to stifle the freedom of the globe ; blasphemy is enthroned in her churches ; anti-christ presides at her altars which glisten with precious stones, while an oppressed and down-trodden people implore the aid of the civilized world to break the chains which have been on them for centuries. Italy presents to the world the singular spectacle of twenty-five millions of people struggling to be free, yet with neither the virtue nor the intelligence essential to freedom.

Embark again and sail to Egypt—land of mythology, cradle of learning and science. Tread where the Pharaohs used to tread ; sit down among the antiquities of Memphis and Thebes ; ramble by daylight or moonlight amid the melancholy pomp of Karnae ; step softly on the dust of the ancient city of the Sun, and every where you behold evidences of degradation which you never imagined. *Man* is an ignorant, besotted creature, living in the most sensual abandonment, practising the grossest vices, and satisfied with the lowest forms of humanity. *Woman*, in turn, becomes the slave of her husband’s indolence and the victim of his passions, condemned to drudgery and toil, her immortality denied, her complaints unheeded, and her happiness disregarded. *Child-*

hood is allowed to grow up without instruction, in beastliness that leaves its marks on the physical constitution, in blindness, idiocy and stupefaction, and on the moral nature in a conscience utterly diseased, and a heart utterly depraved. Moses and Pharaoh are dead ; the Israelites have gone out of the land, but the plagues are there yet, reigning from the banks of the beautiful Nile to the outward boundaries of the sun-scorched desert.

Visit *Greece*, the land of art, which every ambitious sophomore has invested with eternal charms, which has been eulogized in every gifted oration, from the days of Demosthenes until now, which has been woven into poetry and song—*Greece*, the land of Lysurgus and Aristides, which stands forth to the scholar, what Palestine is to the Christian, and how little is there worthy of its past renown. The Acropolis full of broken images ; the Parthenon in ruins ; Mars' Hill without an apostle ; the Court of Areopagus broken up, the judges dead ; the pillars of Olympus falling down ; the The-seum battered by Turkish cannon balls—while within sight of these, toils an over-taxed, illiterate peasantry, and close by them rises the tasteless palace of the vile, unscrupulous despot, King Otho.

Why, this modern Athens in which we live is a nobler spectacle than ancient Athens ; one humble temple, where Christ is preached and the cross is held up, is worth more to humanity than the thousand-godded Parthenon ; Bunker Hill and Lexington are grander in their moral significance than Marathon and Thermopylæ ; Faneuil Hall is more eloquent in its historic meaning than the Acropolis was in the days of Demosthenes. While the children of the ancient Greeks are a poor, pitiable race, rich only in an ancestry which they dishonor, a lit-

erature, the beauties of which they are ignorant, and a historic prestige to which they are indifferent, the children of the Pilgrims are loyal to their principles, and on their graves, to-day, are contending for the precious legacy they bequeathed to us.

Last of all, go to Palestine—the *Holy Land*! Journey on to Jerusalem, where Christ lived and died, where apostles preached and labored; travel through all the country once covered with wonderful fertility, blest by industry, sanctified by religion, now the abode of a miserable, indolent, thieving, cowardly race, the hill-sides run out by neglect, the vallies fruitless by inattention, not a decent road from the hot, arid deserts of Philistia to Damascus, not a single newspaper, nor rail-car, nor telegraph in the land, whole towns, containing hundreds of inhabitants, where not a chair, nor a table, nor a comfortable bed, nor any evidence of civilization can be found, and you have reached, there in that *Holy Land*, every hill-top and valley of which has been consecrated and hallowed by the footsteps of the immaculate Son of God, the outward boundaries of civilization. The Hottentot and the Caffre can scarcely be more sunken and degraded than the Ishmaelitish inhabitants of Central Syria.

The New Englander finds no place where he would like to live, no country for which he would exchange his own. There are royal burial places and pyramidal tombs, but in none of them would he wish to sleep the lasting sleep. As the Jew wishes to die within sight of Jerusalem, and the Moslem lies down within the shadow of Mecca, so the American, turning from the venerable Abbey of Westminster, from the ambitious dome of the Invalides, and from the rural glories of fair Pere-la-

Chaise, reaches his arms to his loved ones here, exclaiming, "Where thou diest let me die, and there let me be buried."

And why is it, that the American can find no clime comparable with his own? What is there that so endears it to us all?

Certainly, it is not the fertility of its soil. That is coarse, rough, often barren and unfruitful. No man would ever settle in New England for its fertility. England is a garden of flowers; France a vineyard of grapes; Italy a paradise of beauty, compared with this Commonwealth.

It is not for the salubrity of its climate. Our Atlantic coast is dotted with consumptives' graves; our Western prairies waft the burning fever and the shivering ague on every breeze; our inland lakes produce a miasma almost as fatal as the Roman Campagna; while the South, with every returning season, invites the soft, yellow footsteps of the plague.

It cannot be on account of its works of art, its antique remains, or its lengthened history. Florence and Dresden have galleries of paintings and sculpture; Rome has its Coliseum and Athens its Parthenon; Egypt has its ancient history, its mythological record, and Palestine its pilgrim shrines. Our country has none of these. Our history dates with the Mayflower, and is but a little more than two hundred years old; our flag has not seen a century since its stars were set, and the only pilgrim shrine we have—*Mount Vernon*, we were told in Syria, but I find falsely, had lately been rifled by robbers of its sacred bones.

We love our native land for something better than a lengthened history, or the crumbling ruins of antiquity.

We can boast of something better than battle fields and castles. We present to the world the only illustration of constitutional government, unencumbered by traditional rights, privileged classes and hereditary claims, that it has ever seen ; the only specimen of a genuine republic ever known. The ancient republics were such only in name. The grand idea of constitutional liberty, wide apart from license on the one hand, and despotism on the other, they did not reach. That idea is ours—embodied in our government, illustrated in our history, exemplified in our experience, enunciated in our Constitution and laws. That idea we have had the greatness to attain unto ; the events of the next few months are to show whether we have the integrity to preserve it.

This constitutional government of ours insures to us freedom of conscience beyond the power of any church or inquisitor ; freedom of speech beyond the interference of any mob censorship ; freedom of the press beyond any ecclesiastical or political despotisms. It makes all our citizens politically equal, and furnishes liberty, enlarged and salutary, to all who come within its influence. However much we sometimes fall below this, these blessings are the legitimate results of the working of our institutions. However barbarisms that have been entailed upon us by dead or decaying monarchies, or barbarisms that are the fruits of human wickedness may for a time defeat the operation of the best of laws or the purest of principles, the form of government bequeathed to us by our fathers cannot fail to work out for us a noble independence and a sure prosperity.

Beneath such a government our population has increased to thirty millions of souls ; sovereign States,—some of them too sovereign to be loyal to the mother

that reared them, stretch from the surf-beaten rocks of the Atlantic to the gold besprinkled sand of the Pacific ; our canvas whitens every sea, and our flag waves in every port ; our manufactories have arisen like magic on the banks of our rivers, and populous cities thrive on the shores of our mighty inland seas. Our national wealth is as enormous as our pride, and our ambition is bounded only by shoreless deeps.

Keeping pace with free institutions, our Protestant religion has pushed its conquests in all directions. The Bible has been made the foundation of our laws, the code of our morals, and the ethics of our lives. In every village and hamlet Christ has been held up as an atoning Saviour ; the plan of salvation has been unfolded in its vastness and glory, and we stand out before the world as the Christian nation that best illustrates soul liberty, as well as political freedom, unencumbered by any state church, or any government recognized creed.

Hence it is that the American, wherever he goes, turns back to his own country with feelings of patriotic love and pride. Whatever he may see to admire elsewhere, *this* is his home. The land of Washington is dearer than the *Via Sacra* of the Cæsars, and the Constitution of Washington is an instrument more sublime than the code of Lycurgus. With patriotism burning in his bosom, he cannot look upon the flag waving among the masts in any harbor, or floating in the sunlight over any consulate, without a thrill of pleasure. It is the ensign of his country ; that country is America ; and America, at least in organic structure, is morally and religiously free.

The question comes up, and a very significant question it is, in these times,—Is this country worth preserving ? Is this Union, in which are bound up the hopes

of millions of human beings now on earth and millions yet unborn, which is so intimately connected with the welfare of the whole race, the spread of the gospel over the globe, and the liberty of mankind, worth contending for ?

I return to you in the midst of civil war. I find hostile armies traversing our country. I find a man's foes to be they of his own household, and my soul shudders at the prospect yet before us. I venture to say that such an unreasonable, unnatural, merciless war was never before entered upon. The rebellion of Absalom against David, his royal sire, his mad endeavor to overturn the Hebrew throne, does not approach the enormity of this sanguinary conflict. The Sepoy rebellion, in India, was not as inexcusable as this war waged against the Federal Government by States whose soil we have purchased, whose firesides we have defended, whose debts we have paid, whose insults we have forgiven, whose injuries we have borne, and, alas !—God forgive us,—whose slaves we have caught and returned. Never since God made the world, has a brighter and more beautiful flag been drabbled in a dirtier soil than that which fell pierced with swords in the streets of Richmond ; never has treason worked to a meaner purpose, and with more villainous instruments, than that which had South Carolina nullification for its hydra head, and the Montgomery abortion for its cloven foot and forked tail. The name of Arnold, which has been hung with a sable cloud, now begins to glow with lurid light, in comparison with those that in inky black, are inscribed beside it ; and the Roman Catiline looks saintlike, compared with some of the men who have plotted the ruin of this great nation, and

who, to consummate the purpose, have been willing to drench the land in innocent blood.

The first intelligence we received of the commencement of hostilities, was in Syria. We were told that eight thousand chivalrous men had overcome a half-starved garrison of seventy soldiers, and divided the immortal honor of the exploit between them ; that Massachusetts blood was soaking into the pavements of Baltimore ; that the American flag, which no sovereign in Europe would dare insult, had been hooted by a mob, pierced with swords, trampled under foot, and rent to pieces ; that an army of rebels was marching on Washington, to haul down the banner, every star, and stripe, and thread, and dot of which is redolent with freedom, and put up a bastard ensign, a piratical insignia, in every flap of which the world should hear the crack of the whip, the clank of chains and the groans of the negro.

And that was all we heard ! The account was meagre and did not tell us how such treason was to be met ; how such rebellion was to be quelled, and how such a government was to be preserved. A week,—a long and painful week must elapse ere we could hear again. It was a week of harrowing suspense, and I assure you that as excited as you were here, your suspense could not have been as dreadful as ours. The very silence of the Syrian desert was eloquent with forebodings and fears. We questioned ! Have the fires of patriotism all gone out ? Has the love of liberty fled from Plymouth Rock to find a home in Italy, Hungary and Poland. Are the descendants of the men of Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Valley Forge all dead ? Will the people rise in their majesty and defend the Constitution and vindicate the flag, or will the freemen of the North yield once more,—

yield forever? and let that base Palmetto rag float over the capitol, that counterfeit Montgomery constitution extend to the St. Lawrence, and that arrogant Georgian fulfil the boast he made that he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill?

I must tell you that I was afraid of the North, of New England, and especially of Boston. I knew that the North had a conscience, but I also knew that warehouses and manufactories had been built upon it ten stories high. I knew that New England had a heart, but I was well aware that it was all covered up with bales of cotton, boxes of shoes and cargoes of tea, and was afraid that its life-throes could not cast off the mighty incubus.

The week rolled away,—a week of suspense, and we held our breath with pain. We had reason to suspect this now vindicated metropolis. The scene that was shimmering before my eyes, when I sailed, was that disgraceful mob in Tremont Temple, where, in obedience to the behest of South Carolina, free speech was trampled down and lay bleeding in the dust. The last sounds that floated on the air were the echoes of those compromise speeches made in Faneuil Hall, tempered and toned to be read in old Virginia.

The week expired, and behind the bar of the Ottoman Bank in Beyroot, ten of us gathered over a pile of English and American newspapers; our letters lay unopened before us. Wives and children were forgotten; our bleeding country was alone remembered. The intelligence was all we could desire. It told us that the Pilgrim spirit was yet alive; that everywhere at home an intense enthusiasm was enkindled; that party ties were all sundered, and party interests all forgotten; that our young men had risen to arms, and our old men

had blessed them as they went forth ; that women and children were making garments, banners and tents for the soldiers ; that the churches were hung with the old flag—the Stripes and Stars—God bless it ! that from the farthest river in Maine to the prairies of the West, the people were rising to trample the traitors down ; that Sunday, God’s day, had been taken to do God’s work ; that timid, conservative preachers, who had been deaf and dumb while all this mischief was brewing, had come to the front of the altar, shouting, “ The sword of the Lord and of Washington ; ” that a long vascillating Cabinet had been raised, and cast on the great waves of popular might against the brazen gates of treason ; that the old flag, borne by ten thousand hands, was to go straight through Baltimore, and be lifted up upon the Federal capitol, and wave there in the sight of all nations, the symbol of Constitutional Government and human freedom, until treason was overturned and slavery was extinct.

This was enough ! Never since the day when God forgave my sins, and made me a new creature, have I felt so willing to die, as then,—so able, to say sincerely, “ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” We read those columns down with choked utterance and sobbing voices. The tears streamed down our cheeks, while clerks and bankers looked on amazed ; we grasped the hands of each other ; we laughed and wept by turns, and rushed out to make the French camp, close by, and through which we rode on our way to Damascus, ring with our national anthem :—

“ My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;

Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring."

You know what has transpired since. You have lived an age within these last four months ; events have burnt themselves into the staple of time ; have been written in letters of blood on the pages of history. When posterity reads, what a chapter it will be ! *Treason* for thirty years working in the Cabinet, in the Army and in Congress ; *fraud* plundering the national treasury and the public arsenals ; *cowardice* assailing with eight thousand men, and eighty thousand still behind, a half-starved garrison of seventy men ; a ferocious mob murdering unoffending Massachusetts soldiers, while on their way to defend the Federal capital ; a letter of marque issued by an ambitious pretender, for the encouragement of piracy ; the sacred tomb of the Father of his country threatened with robbery, and, as if it were not enough to tear Washington's constitution to pieces, destroy his country and trail his banner in the dust, his ashes must be cast upon the altars of the oppression which he hated, to satisfy the Moloch of slavery. And then scene followed scene,

"Blood trod upon the heels of blood ;
 Revenge in desperate mood at midnight met
 Revenge. War brayed to war,"

until now, in the harvest moon, Death centres as if it were a pivot upon the ridge of the Alleghanies, and flaps his raven wings over all the land. The nation seems to have been passing over a gulf of horrors, upon a bridge of sighs, all the way from John Brown's gibbet to Manassas Gap. Who can count the widows' tears as

they fall? Who can describe the desolated homes? Who can number the silent graves? Who can tell the ruin of character, the blasting of hope, and the fearful crimes that will follow, like a retinue of devils, in the track of this fratricidal war? And what name will history give to him who stands forth as the acknowledged leader of this rebellion, on whose hands the blood is clotting now, as she enrolls him on her catalogue with Nina Sahib and the murderers of the Maronites?

And now what of the future? Watchman, what of the night? Can any one of you see any stars amid the portentous blackness of this hour? You, who stand in the midst of prostrate business prospects, who walk in the gloom which hangs over the exchange and the market-place, who are menaced by failure and bankruptcy; you, whose honest dues have been repudiated by your Southern creditors; you, who clung to guilty South Carolina, praying her to be reasonable, shielding her from reproach, until she turned and stabbed you, and sent you home bleeding and wounded; you, who apologized for the South until she had well nigh brought down the temple of our liberties, a heap of ruins; tell me, do you see any rays of light?

It seems to me that a division of our country is an impossibility. We cannot have two or more republics on this soil. God and nature have forbidden it. Neither of them, could they be established, would attain to any considerable respectability in the great family of nations, and between them would be perpetual war. A peaceful separation seems to be rendered impossible by all the exigencies of the case, and hence there can be but two ways of settling this question,—it is a dreadful alternative.

The *first* way, is to *compromise, yield, surrender*. A

government extending over a wide range of country, must, to some extent, be one vast system of compromises. When the interests of one part conflict with the interests of another part; when opinions differ, and men cannot see alike, compromise and concession are the legitimate modes of adjustment. But no government can with any safety compromise the principles on which it is founded; to do that is self-destruction; and there are some questions which can never be made matters of compromise. The troubles in which we now are, are the results of concessions in matters of principle, which should have been settled by the infinite standard of right, and by the great law of God. We had a monster in our midst, and we thought the best way to manage him was to feed him, pat him, and let him have his own way. So every time he roared we threw him a bone to still him, and all the time he was growing strong. When we saw his glaring eyes we threw him the Missouri Compromise, and still he grew. When he growled we threw down before him the Fugitive Slave Law, and yet he grew. When he became more terrible we fixed the Kansas-Nebraska bill to please him, and when we had nothing more to cast to him, this monster, whom we fondled and fed, came upon us and tore our flag to pieces, trampled our Constitution in the dust, repudiated honest contracts, and seizing with his infernal claws the pillars of the fabric of our freedom, endeavored to pull the whole structure down into one common ruin. That monster is *Slavery*—a system which has been the cause of our alienations, the source of our misunderstandings, and the plague of our nation from the time its corner stone was laid. Some men seem to have an evil genius—a bad angel, that moves them to evil, that

sweeps away their good intentions, that spoils every honest endeavor, and destroys them in spite of themselves. Slavery has been the evil genius of our nation ; the blot on our liberty ; the stain on our banner ; the millstone in our ascent to a glorious destiny. And yet the legislation of our country, for a half century, has been little more than a series of compromises with this evil spirit, and the result we have in the ruin and disgrace which stare us in the face to-day.

And yet we shall hear of compromise again ere long ; the old cheat is not yet dead, and the moment the enthusiasm of victory is over, men will begin to yield. "Feed the monster," they will say. "Throw him a few more bones ; let him grow a little ; give him more life." Politicians, who want something upon which to climb into office ; business men, who feel the pressure of these evil times ; quiet citizens, who are tired of war, and mistaken theorizers, who really think slavery a source of national strength, will begin to cry—"Feed the monster ; let him live, though he has taught our senators treason, and shed the blood of our soldiers—let him live."

But unless we find some means to ensure the peaceful, constitutional, honest extinction of slavery, we keep the cause of all our woes. Settle this civil war by compromise, and it will not be ten years before this scene will be repeated, even if the breach be now healed. It will not be ten years before slavery will let loose upon us a new tide of blood.

The victory we need to gain, is not simply to crush out the spirit of rebellion, to set up the flag over the bastions of dismantled Sumter, and drive traitors out of Richmond and Charleston ! Do all that, mend the

breach, heal the divisions, bind up the wounds, present to the world an unstained flag and an undivided nationality, and if slavery has not received its death-blow, you are a vanquished people ; the precious blood you have shed has been spilt in vain ; the brave men, who have lost their lives, have been thrown away ; the millions of money you have expended will be worse than squandered, and you will come out of the battle with the heel of the monster on your neck.

And what is there about slavery that any man in the North should want to keep it ? Has it not corrupted your public men, perjured your judges and senators, plundered your treasury, murdered your citizens, soiled your flag, trampled on your Constitution, perverted your history, and sown your fields with blood ? Has it not done all this, and more than this ? And can you afford to give it new lease of life, even though you pacify it now ? Do you dare to lengthen its cords, and allow it to gather strength, that it may rise again in four, eight, or twelve years, anew to plunder your national treasury, destroy your national honor and credit, blast your business and prosperity, butcher your wives and children, and again overflow the land with blood ? Why, how many civil wars can America stand ? How often can it go through periods like this, without having its light quenched in blackness and blood ? Let your government enter into any compromise that will strengthen the hands of slavery, and you rush upon your doom. You take up a controversy with the religion of the Bible, and the conscience of the whole civilized world. You go, with your eyes open, into a hopeless war with omnipotent God.

Why, what is God teaching us now ? Don't you hear his voice ? From Sumter's dismantled bastions don't

you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From the blood-wet pavements of Baltimore don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From the fearful slaughter of Bull Run, from that brave day that mysteriously lapsed into panic and flight, don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From victory and defeat, from the beleaguered camp and the murderous charge, don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." Every slave that comes to us, saying, "knock off these chains," is a plea from God. Every drop of blood shed, and every unburied body left on Southern fields, is a heaven high demand for the extinction of slavery.

I say, then, that compromise with slavery is a mad, ruinous, hopeless method of settlement. You who urge it, are the scribes who would write in gore the doom of American liberty, and quench every star that now shines in the horizon of our country's future.

The *second* method of settlement, is to conquer a peace. This is the dreadful alternative—*fight it out*. This can be done. With twenty millions of Northern freemen against eight millions of Southrons, embarrassed by four millions of slaves, effectually blockaded, destitute of credit, and opposed to God, the ultimate result, notwithstanding the late defeat, cannot be doubtful. God may punish us awhile for our complicity with slavery, for that great sin has been defended by the press and the pulpit, and strengthened by political and commercial alliances. He may allow us to suffer until our national pride is humbled and our national vanity is mortified, and we recognize his hand in our history. But when a united North goes marching down from the graves of the Pilgrims, with *liberty* written on the banners, to contend for loyalty against treason; law

against anarchy ; government against barbarism ; freedom against slavery, the result is sure. And such a war, not for ambition and lust, is a holy war—a grand necessity forced on us by Providence. God has driven us from paper compromises to the tented field. Words and pens are powerless to settle the contest now. The unsheathed sword and the soldier's charge are the only compromises.

“ If infamy were but a word, not thing,
 With words we'd meet it and with bandied blame
 Advance great Freedom's language, 'till the shame
 Cowered before Persuasion's iron ring.
 For eloquence can only strike and sting
 Where mind is baffled, and like hunted game
 Tired by pursuit and growing weakly tame,
 Yields to the fatal shot its wearied wing.
 But with Rebellion, reeling to and fro,
 Drunk with a mad despair, it is not so,
 And words would vitalize as quick the dead
 As compromise a peace with such a foe.
 Then is a nation's duty plainly read—
 Then is a nation's eloquence—a blow !”

But from such an alternative, I know there is a shrinking in every soul. I am not a man of blood, and I shudder as I contemplate the cost of the struggle now in progress—the cost, not in gold and silver, but in human lives, in widows' tears, in wrecked characters, in all that darkens the pages of history, and sickens the soul as it reads the record.

There can be no glory in this war, however it may result, and whatever brilliant deeds may be done. There was glory at Thermopylæ and Marathon ; there was glory at Austerlitz and Lodi ; there was glory at Lexington and Bunker Hill ; there was glory at Montebello and Solferino, but there can be none in this cruel, civil war.

Our great nation at its close will weep as David did over Absalom. There will be no monuments erected to its heroes ; there will be no pæans sung to its conquerors. No American will ever wish to read its record, and we shall pray to have it forgotten. It is a fratricidal war ; brother is butchering brother ; it is our own blood that is flowing.

And yet, dreadful as war is, it is better than dishonor ; better than disunion ; better than the lot to which the mad South was determined to push us. The existence of this Union to mankind, is worth all the blood we have to shed, all the treasures we have to spend. The maintenance of the Constitution is worthy of any sacrifice, except the sacrifice of honor. Not half a decade of years has passed away since Gov. Wise, now a traitor, pronounced that document “A work of glory, and a work of inspiration,” and added, what we are willing to endorse, that “no man from Hamilton, and Jay, and Madison—from Edmund Randolph, who had the chief hand in making it—and he was a Virginian—the writers of it, the authors of it, and you who have lived under it from 1789 to this year of our Lord 1858, none of your fathers’ sons has ever measured the height, or the depth, or the length, or the breadth of the wisdom of that Constitution.” That Constitution which the executioner of John Brown declared “a glory and an inspiration,” “an unmeasured height, depth, length, breadth of wisdom,” we are endeavoring to preserve for our children and a coming age. And preserve it we will. In the name of God, and in behalf of liberty, we will preserve it. To quote the enthusiastic declaration of an ecclesiastic of the Methodist church,—“We will take our glorious flag—the flag of our country—and nail it

just below the cross ! That is high enough ! There let it wave as it waved of old. Around it we will gather : ' First Christ's, then our country's.' "

If the present generation is beggared, posterity will rise up and bless us as the benefactors of mankind. Why, destroy this government, and you destroy the grandest hope of liberty ; you extinguish the light which is beckoning on the enslaved millions of Italy, Hungary, Turkey and Poland to constitutional freedom. If there is no other way to save this government than fighting, dreadful as that is, then love of country and patriotism, aye, and religion too, would bid us fight. And to just this issue have we come—to compromise with the monster which has so long ruled us, and thus insure the destruction of this Union in less than a quarter of a century, or to settle now and forever that not another inch of ground can be given to slavery, that the North is no longer to be made a negro hunting ground, that this nation, in its broad extent and its grand proportions, is the heritage of freedom, and not the Bastile of oppression.

And now let me indicate three things which should be accomplished by the dreadful discipline through which we are passing.

First. As I have just said, we should become, in fact, as we are in name, a *free* people. Some plan should be devised for the peaceful, honorable emancipation of the slaves. For the good of the laboring people of the North ; for the good of the masters, and the welfare of their families in the South ; for the good of the oppressed ; for the good of mankind, chattel bondage should be extinguished. I say this without any reference to the negroes themselves. They in the South enslaved are a national crime and curse ; free in the North, they

are at present a public misfortune. In consequence of the wrongs done them, they are, to a great extent, an indolent, dependent race, and were they all in Africa, from whence they have been stolen, and for leaving which they are not responsible, it would be better for them and for us. I argue this now, not as a moral question, but in the lower light of political economy. We must get rid of slavery to save the Union, the Constitution and the flag.

When the Bourbon throne was overturned in France, the people saw the black, frowning walls of the Bastille looking down upon them. They said, "The Republic is not safe while that stands." With the gathered might of a tempest, they poured themselves upon it and demolished it, and sent a fragment to every town in France. The Bastille of human bondage, in which treason has been hatched, rebellion suckled, honor sacrificed, and from the battlements of which have burst upon you the terrors of this unreasonable war, yet stands. And while it stands the Republic will not be safe. It is a Bastille menacing the liberties of the nation, and the choice offered this great people is the destruction of the one or the other.

Second. We should emerge from this discipline with higher ideas of national honor and integrity. It should be established once and forever, that the government is not to be tampered with, nor the Constitution violated with impunity. Our own people and all our adopted citizens should learn, in lessons of fire and blood, if need be, that he who lifts his hand against the government is a traitor, and meets a traitor's doom. The ship of state should be committed to the best hands we have. We have given her up to pirates, and they have tried to

scuttle her in mid ocean ; we have called on board incompetent pilots, and they have stranded her on the rocks of anarchy and ruin. Our rulers, for years past, have been selected too much from a class of paltry politicians. How mean some of them look beside the great statesmen of Europe. How few Russells, Peels, Palmerstons, Broughams, Disraelis and Gladstones we have ! How few Lamartines, Cavours and Ricasolis appear in our troubles. I do not say we have no great statesmen. That would not be true. We have as noble a line of public men as ever appeared in any land. But we have too far overlooked the merits of our great men, left them in political obscurity, while we have elevated men to place and power, who have great capacity only to dishonor the trust reposed in them, who are gifted only in the lowest arts of party huckstering, and who never arrived to the higher plane of the patriot and the statesman. This has been our ruin and our shame.

If we are capable of learning any thing from bitter experience, this knowledge should bring us out of the fire with loftier integrity, and sublimer ideas of government, law, and national honor. We should feel that the public weal is a thing too sacred to be intrusted to charlatans and demagogues, who have ascended, through impudence, from the mud, where they were born, to stations of trust which they dishonor.

Third. Another result of our discipline should be to make our whole people more thoughtful, sober, and dependent on God. We are a jaunty, showy race. Our men are more impulsive and fickle than the English ; our women more thoughtless and extravagant than the French. From this struggle every man, woman and child should come out more thoughtful, serious, economical and trust-

worthy, with more rational ideas of the majesty and importance of our being. When we have been reprov'd for our fast habits, we have said, "O, we are a young nation; we have the vivacity of youth; we shall settle down and be steady by and by." I have seen a young mother, with her babe in her arms, all life, animation and happiness, gay as a lark, and thoughtless as the butterfly. But death came and took the child, led that young mother through life's most bitter experience; took off her flowers and clothed her in sable. From that hour that mother was an altered being. She matured while passing through the flood; she emerged from that sorrow a *woman*!—she was a *child* before. Her discipline had lifted her up to a great world of reality, and henceforth she was more fit to perform life's solemn duties here, or walk with the angels above.

So our nation, the young bride of Liberty, the gay, dancing creature, brilliant as the stars of her own flag, has received a bloody baptism. Years of experience have passed over her in one long, dreadful night, and she should come out of it matured, chastened and sanctified. Every man should be more a man, and every woman should be more a woman from this hour. It is a discipline that should elevate, ennoble and dignify our people, and make the nation greater than it ever was before.

Of course, in a Christian assembly like this, I need not argue that this discipline should lead us to more dependence on God, to a clearer recognition of his hand in this bitter contest. In all the movements of the past he appears, and in the carnage and strife by which we are surrounded, he is forcing us to acknowledge him, as the God of nations and of armies. We must be right with him, and he must be on our side, or we cannot succeed.

The trust reposed in some of our Generals is sublime ; but our trust must be higher than men—in God.

And, now, one word more, for I shall not often trouble you with war sermons. The time for pulpit preaching on this subject has gone by. If the American pulpit had been true to itself, for the last twenty-five years, this thing would not have happened. The preachers now are at Manassas Gap and Harper's Ferry.

The impression exists widely in Europe that this nation is stranded ; that the Republic has gone to ruin ; that the bubble of democracy has burst. This opinion has been expressed in Parliament, echoed by the press, bandied in the streets. Doubtless, some in England would like to have it so. To the titled aristocracy of Great Britain, our government is a standing reproach ; to the army and navy it is a constant remembrancer of the most severe defeat those proud powers have ever experienced ; to the people, it is, to some extent, an object of popular dislike and spleen. But, while this is so, there are millions in England who wish us well, and who pray for our prosperity. But they can see no principle in this conflict. We have studiously concealed the fact, that liberty is the end at which we aim. We stand in a false position before the philanthropists of Europe. We have told them that it was not to enlarge the area of freedom that we are contending, but for nationality, to subjugate rebels, to quell mutinies. Can we then be surprised that the manufacturing and commercial classes of England, who have so much at stake, should desire peace, even, at the cost to us, of a division of this country ? They think the experiment of self-government a failure. But it remains to be seen whether we have virtue, intelligence and piety enough to save the country from ruin.

Nothing could be more disastrous to the world than the permanent dismemberment of this confederacy. It is a picture too awful to contemplate. We feel as Daniel Webster felt as he exclaimed :—"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured."

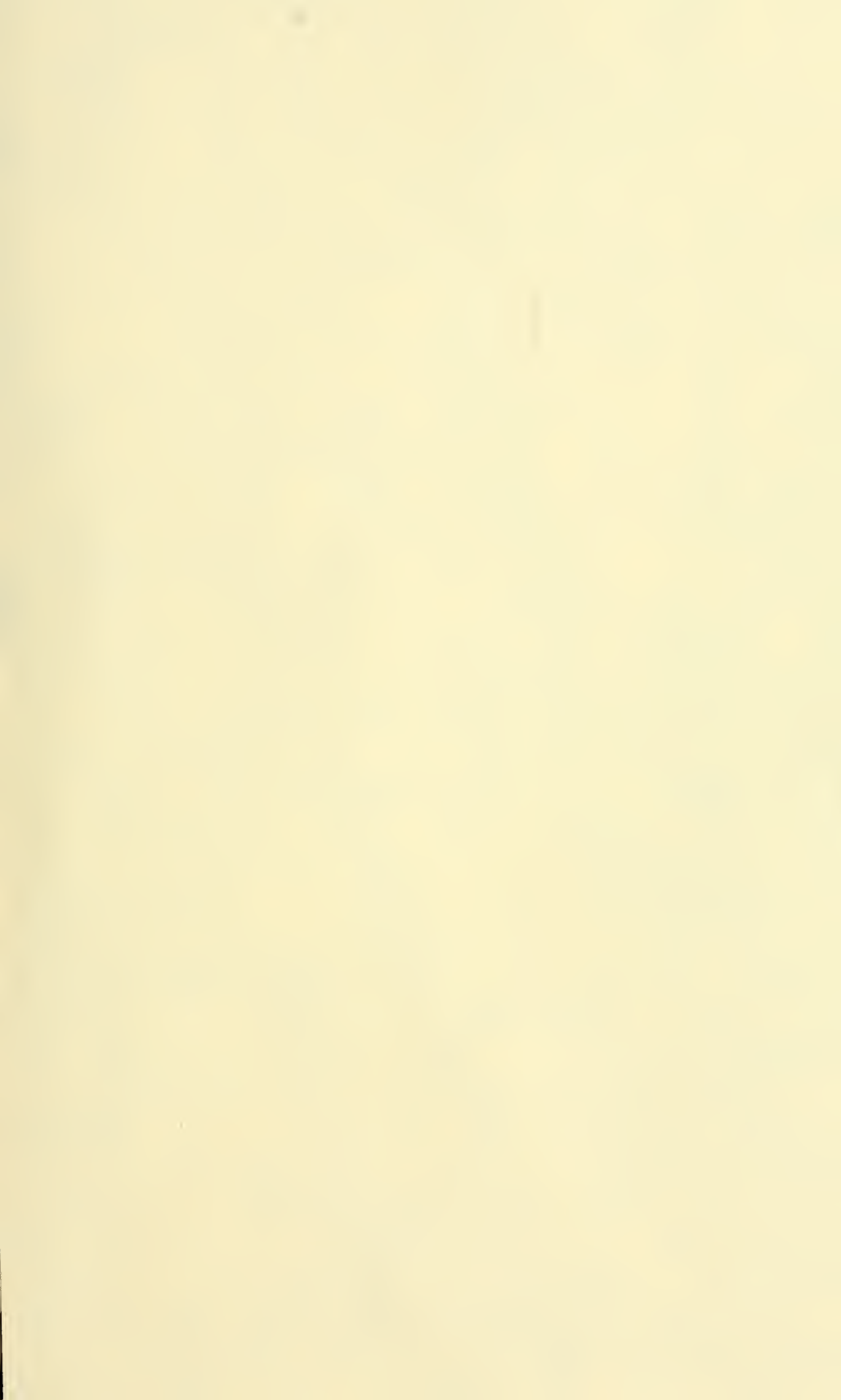
This Union is worth too much to be destroyed without a struggle. It cost too much to be surrendered without an effort. True, the America of the future cannot be like the America of the past. We are to face realities that we have dreamed of, but never feared. We must have a stronger government, a standing army, and a national debt. But these, with freedom, can be endured. Prepared for all these things, we should do our work now. If we have national crimes, remove them ; if we have rebels, subdue them ; if we have traitors, hang them. The government must be supported ; treason must be rooted out and extinguished ; secession presses and pulpits closed up—not by mob violence, indeed, that is always cowardly and dangerous, but by the strong arm of civil or martial law. The length and breadth of this contest must be measured, and we must be prepared for the sacrifice of our commerce and our manufactures, and for the contribution of all we have. If our land becomes a desert, only that the flag be left flying over it,



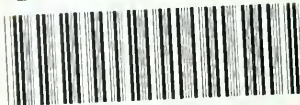
we must be prepared for that ; we must adopt the motto, "The union must and shall be preserved." Richard Fuller said in a speech made a few months ago, "If this Union is broken to pieces, I will put up the stars and stripes over my house and say, 'I am an American still.' " So should we feel ; so should we act.

This country belongs not to us alone ; it belongs to the Past ; it belongs to the Future ; it belongs to Humanity, to Liberty, to God. Look at that flag—those stars and stripes ! it is not yours nor mine ! That flag belongs to the world ; it is the ensign of the oppressed of all lands. This soil we tread ! it is not yours nor mine. It does not belong to the cotton lords of the South, nor to the merchant princes of the North. It belongs to constitutional government and human happiness. And it should be settled now and forever, that this government cannot be broken up ; it should be understood by every man in Virginia and South Carolina, and in Massachusetts, too, that the Constitution is too sacred a contract to be trampled under foot. It is too late now for the boys' play with which our politicians have amused us. From this time, whether it shall be peace or war, there will be work for the sturdiest, truest manhood. The hopes of constitutional liberty are suspended on this Union, and as we look at her in her perilled greatness, we can but catch the prophetic words of one of our poets :

"Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !"



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